6.

THE EULOGY OF FREDERIC, KING of PRUSSIA.

Spectamur agendo.

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Druſi Laudes. Horace, lib. iv. ode 4.

QUalem miniſtrum fulminis alitem
Olim juventas, et patrius vigor
Nido laborum propulit inſcium;
Vernique, jam nimbis remotis,
Inſolitos docuere niſus
Venti paventem.

Videre

EULOGIUM, &c.

AS when on eager new-fledg'd wings,
The thunder-bearing bird upſprings;
And ſcorns reproachful reſt:
His youth, and noble nature join
With all the inſtinct of his line,
To drive him from his neſt.

And now when winter clouds retire,
The vernal winds inflame his fire;
And urge his rapid flight:
Trembling at firſt his ſtrength he tries,
'Till by degrees, he ſeeks the ſkies,
And floats in floods of light.

So like Jove's bird, or liker Jove,
Is HE, deſcended from above;
Renown'd for arts and arms:
Each ſcience FRED'RIC makes his own,
To him each principle is known;
In peace, or war, he charms.

Videre Rhoeti bella ſub Alpibus 2
Druſum gerentem et Vindelici.

Senſere

Rough Ruſſia, late at Cuſtrin, ſaw
His Genius give her legions law;
Amaz'd they fought, they dy'd:
Like ſome ſuperior pow'r he ſtood
With all his garments roll'd in blood;
And blaſted all her pride.

Let faithleſs France lamenting tell,
At Roſbach how her heroes fell;
And how her forces fled,
When Fred'ric's potent arm alone,
Shook haughty Auſtria's ancient throne;
And cruſh'd her troops with dread.

Equal to all things, he diſplays
Sublimity a thouſand ways:
And ſeizes on the ſoul.
Now he unfolds th' hiſtoric page,
Now dictates like the Samian ſage,
Or ſips Anacr'on's bowl.

In

Senſere quid mens rite, quid indoles
Nutrita fauſtis ſub penetralibus
Poſſet.
Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis :
Eſt in juvencis, patrum virtus.

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.

Quid

In him, the wond'ring world behold,
Whate'er is great, or wiſe, or bold;
Whate'er can merit praiſe:
What godlike deeds can Genius do, 3
When learning points its proper view;
And ſteady honor ſways?

The brave beget the brave, and good; 4
Great qualities enrich the blood,
And mark the genuine line:
So runs in ſteers the gen'rous flame
The ſire tranſmits the ſeeds of fame;
And makes the race divine.

Yet education brightens all, 5
Calls forth whate'er is capital,
And poliſhes the mind:
Gives grace, humanity, and eaſe,
Adds manners, and the art to pleaſe;
And dignifies mankind.

From

Quid debeas, Oh Roma, Neronibus,
Teſtis Metaurum flumen, et Aſdrubal
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis
Ille dies Latio tenebris,
Qui primus alma riſit adorea ;
Dirus per urbes Afer ut Italas,
Ceu flamma per tedas.

Et

From thee, O Pruſſia! what is due 6
To Fred'ric, let the Oder ſhew,
And let the Rhine record;
Witneſs Bohemia's bloody plains,
Witneſs Germania freed from chains,
And Liberty reſtor'd.

For ever be that day renown'd,
'When Virtue was with Glory crown'd *;'
When Pruſſia's Sun aroſe,
Diſpell'd the Darkneſs from the land,
Deſtroy'd the Ruſſian's barb'rous band;
And heal'd the nation's woes.

The cruel Coſſac, ſtain'd with gore,
Shall tread the Pruſſian plain no more,
No more ſhall ruin ſpread;
All terrible the Savage came,
Famine behind, before him flame;
And round him heaps of dead.

* A line taken from the ſong, 'He comes, &c.'

Et impio 7
Vaſtata Poenorum tumultu
Fana deos habuere rectos:
Dixitque tandem perfidus Annibal;
Sectamur ultro, quos opimus
Fallere et effugere eſt triumphus.

Monſtrumve ſummiſere Colchi 8
Majus, Echioniaeve Thebae.

Religion, reſcu'd from his rage, 7
Reſtores her pure, unſpotted page,
And reillumes her ſhrine;
Hoſannas eccho all around,
Earth, air, and ocean, catch the ſound;
And in the triumph join.

Now pride, and fierce ambition, groan;
Now Fred'ric's foes their fate bemoan,
And agoniz'd exclaim;
" Why follow him whom we ſhould fly,
" Whom to deceive, is victory,
" And to eſcape is fame?

" In vain we trace the ſtream of time,
" To find a genius ſo ſublime,
" A monarch ſo complete;
" No age, or nation can produce
" A mind ſo noble, ſo diffuſe,
" A prodigy ſo great."

THE END.

Religion, reclin'd from his rage,

Reflores her pure, unspotted page,

And reillumes her shrine;

Holiness cecho all around,

Earth, air, and ocean, catch the sound;

And in the triumph join.

Now pride, and fierce ambition, groan;

Now Fred'ric's foes their fate bemoan,

And agonix'd exclaim;

"Why follow him whom we should fly,

"Whom to deceive, is victory,

"And to [illegible] is fame?

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"In vain we trace the [illegible] time,

"To find a genius to sublime,

"A monarch to complete;

"No age, or nation can produce

"A mind so noble, so adroit,

"A prodigy so great."

THE END.